

COLLEGE CHEER

“WE KNOCK TO BOOST.”

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919.

NO. 11.

OTHERS MAY IMITATE, NONE CAN EQUAL.

“What the player is to the sonata; what the actor is to the drama; what the singer is to the song; the reader is to the poem.” Shakespeare may be read by the thoughtless student with little benefit, because the average student will not think unless forced to do so. But the sympathetic interpreter illuminates the page of written word with the halo of his art, appeals to the erstwhile unresponsive student's intellect through the sense of hearing as well as of sight. What the student has pictured in his mind's eye, he now sees in forceful action, what he has read on the cold, unexpressive page he now hears pronounced in musical cadence. The reader ascends with the wings of thought and emotion to the heights whither the student unassisted cannot rise, to the full height indicated by Shakespeare the poet, and by a mighty sympathy discovers new glories there—then reveals them “like an oracle to the lover of truth and beauty.”

The good reader combines the highest form of entertainment with moral and intellectual culture. He appeals not merely to fancy, but to the intellect, to the soul. Consequently, those who have more brawn than brains not being able to appreciate his work, desert him for the more sensual and less artistic forms of entertainment. One cannot listen to the reading of “Macbeth”, “Lear”, “Othello” or “Hamlet” without having his intellectual capacities taxed to the utmost.

What shall we say of Mr. Griffith? From so noted a reader one naturally expects much. Did he disappoint us? Assuredly no! On the contrary, all were pleased, from the smallest youngsters, who perhaps remember nothing more than Richard's fruitless cry, “My kingdom for a horse”, to the most sympathetic of his listeners, who carried away with them lessons for life, a higher appreciation of Shakespeare's dramas, and a deeper love for the virtues which they inculcate.

Exceptional native talent, born of a piercing intellect and delicate sympathy with all human emotions and ripened by long years of continual experience in Shakespearian drama, gives Mr. Griffith a broad grasp of the great bard's thought and a wonderful power of interpreting their deeper and sweeter meanings. He appreciates, and in his reading emphasizes, the fact that thought is the soul of words, words, but the embodiment of thought, and so skillfully does he combine the two (form and content) in their proper proportion that thought is ever dominant. This accounts for the fact that without special attention in that direction we did not notice his art, but only the result of that art.

Mr. Griffith was especially instructive to the members of the Expression classes. In him we

saw practical application of those principles which, as mere principles of good expression, have to us become commonplaces. Music of vowel sound, distinctly articulated yet delicately blended consonant breath, support and control mark his delivery; intensity of feeling, fine literary taste, appreciation of lyric and dramatic values, powerful suggestion, and brilliancy adorn his impersonation. He is skillful in his choice of those characters only who are necessary to a full understanding of the dramatic action. He is forceful in his impersonation of strong characters; excellent in the delineation of feminine qualities. He reaches a high degree of excellence in the interpretation of the praeternatural, where he succeeds in creating a pervading spirit of mystery and uncanniness, while at the same time avoiding sentimentality, which leaves no lasting impression.

Most notable, however, is his extraordinary distinctness of characterization — a quality expected of all who call themselves professionals, but found in few. What a pleasure to be able to follow through every scene just where the reader would lead us, to know at every moment just who is speaking, although the stage is crowded and the reader himself does not move from his chair.

We are told that Mr. Griffith will visit us again. We rejoice to hear it. Mr. Griffith has perhaps reached the zenith of his excellence, perhaps not, but in either case we wish him the best. May we liken his successful experience in this field of work to the age of man? Then we wish him the longevity of an octogenarian. It is our hope that his success in this work will be coextensive with life itself, and that life a long one. There is need for more such men in this time of materialism, to call us to the consideration of higher things.

Opening Game.

The Logansport K of C team will play the St. Joe Varsity on our diamond tomorrow, Sunday, April 13th.

ON WOOD-CHOPPING.

I think to have one's choice about a thing is indeed a blessed something. We become interested in the surprise our choice will evoke from others besides anticipating a certain satisfaction that will be ours. That is, besides bringing content to ourselves, we strike home to others our mode of thinking. Aren't these worth striving after? And from then on we evince interest untiring in the pet thing of our choice — to prove it good if it is bad, to improve it if it be good. Now out of a pleasant group of petty jobs I am glad to have made choice. And if my ‘modus putandi’ seem not all right, then it's up to me to show that it is.

Wood-chopping can speak for itself if you attempt to compare it with other joblets. All right, we'll take hoeing. Under the blazing sun you must bend or stretch for the weeds; you can't carry them to some shady spot. There's a whole row of them and you must chop out every single one with that same monotonous stroke. But when you cut wood you can drag a log or two in the shade if the sun bothers you. You have a variety in your strokes; now you use greater force, now a wider swing that can be the steady side-stroke, —acute or oblique, or the healthy perpendicular stroke. You can put every splinter to use; you're glad there's so much wood around; you'd like to cut any amount of it, and yet if you will you can stop any minute. But in hoeing? Alack! You continue hoeing with a guilty feeling about some weeds reappearing in the near future. If there only weren't so many! Just look at them! Pshaw! I'll never get finished, and what's the use anyway, they grow again and so fast! And finally discouragement in more ways than one is the lot of the undetermined weeder. Not that gardeners couldn't tell of glorious times. But it is they who place hoeing in the first rank as the 'No. 1' occupation; and knowing it to be held a favorite with many, I have taken it to stand for the numerous joblets that one would judge might be in the race with wood-chopping.

Wood-chopping, simple and common as it is, is an occupation of varied and uncertain moments. Here is a block — you thought it was soft; but this is the fifth swing now, and it's not half split yet! And there — that you thought was a stout piece; and lo you find it soft as boxwood! And finally that sense of strength and triumph you have when you see half a dozen scattered blocks laid low in the dust, the humble remains of a once formidable log! And you know full well that the axe was only the means and the cause, Ego. This savors of pride, but it is not.

You are chopping a log of oak, let's say; it is of tough mettle and very stubborn. You flare into anger, and what takes place? Just this: You desire to give it to that log; and only by sinking and resinking the axe-edge into the knotty resistance do you feel at all satisfied. Such is the trick put on us by wood-cutting — perhaps the only occupation in which you do not fling your tools away in your ire. You have finished the log in quick time and much to your agreeable surprise, so that you resume your former mood and feel sorry for having ever been angry. Now is this pride?

Reflections like these have often been sparks to my desire to tramp thru the hills of Maine and Vermont there to be right with the native wood-splitters. I know them to be the brisk, honest, moderate and steady element which their occupation has given them opportunity to be. They are 'talkable' though they may be talkative, being observers and yet reserved. Take an instance: Last summer, my companion Tom and I were rambling in and out among the Wisconsin pools. At Silver Lake we came upon a woodman. Tom had to oppress him with questions if he wanted to know anything about forestry. And his angry surprise was written in red on his face; for much

as he loved to take in all the wood-splitter had to say, still why should we have to put so many questions? No doubt the woodman felt the same way about it. At any rate he gave Tom a discouraging look as he turned to put me a score of questions on city life.

That man is gifted with cheeriness who can shoulder an axe before breakfast; nor does he have to be the proverbially cheery fat man. Any-one can get the job, can hold it as long as he wishes. The more he cuts in fact, the more he feels like not taking breakfast despite an increasing appetite. Here is breakfast for the muscles, a meal that lasts till the next chopping. Then flashes the idea: Why not let the muscles breakfast every morning? And from then on that man is a member of the daily wood-splitters, one of that group of honest, contented men, the pen of whose happiness is the axe.

Is there an occupation more honest than wood-chopping? Years ago, the man who took down the axe from the cabin wall, felt that he must be doing some work. Today the man who swings the axe is nobly struggling against the high cost of living. And though the sweet lady of the house may direct "Make it a big load this morning, John," — John won't care in the least, feeling that he will enjoy her dinner the more if he cuts more wood than yesterday. And as he answers a happy "All right, Jane," — who, I wonder feels gayer than he making a log squeak with that eager first stroke?

Probably in no other occupation is the result in such accurate proportion to the amount of energy put forth as in splitting wood. There is interest in guessing how many thuds will split this oak-piece. Still if it took even twenty I feel that it needed them all. From the first piece up you work to a pile: this is the beginning. A few minutes' chopping and you have about two dozen pieces for the first row: this is the start. Steadily and gradually you see the pile rise and expand. And you needn't be in a hurry about it either; and yet it's so pleasant to feel the axe sink into the wood that you don't care to stop. Then as you see your cube finished — an even half-cord or so of piled wood smiling at you with its hundred jutting faces as you lean on your axe, then your satisfaction is keenest and you wink at the pile, shoulder your axe and trot home to the merriest dinner ever.

I doubt if anyone ever sneered at a business man who took a turn with the axe; but I'll wager many, marking his lusty swings, felt their thuds calling to them to have a "chop" before dinner too. Now that's exactly how wood-chopping appeals. We want a change, we want relief; and our tired minds welcome a bodily struggle between axe and wood. And what is more, you can do this anytime; for wood-cutting is always in season, wood always in quantity. Being an occupation void of monotony, it furnishes recess for tired nerves, restores lost moods or creates more pleasant ones; and by its mere innate stimulus succeeds in banishing all thoughts of idleness, loafing or of putting the work aside for another.

(Continued on p. 3, col. 2.)

COLLEGE CHEER.

Published Semi-Monthly by
COLLEGE CHEER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
10c. Per Copy; 90c. Per Year; \$1.00 By Mail.

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Saturday, April 12, 1919.

EDITORIALS.

Joy-Killer.

Another joy-killing old maid is paying us a visit. She makes a visit three times every year and makes a long stay each time. Not only does she harrass the minds of a goodly number of our fellow students, but the duties of Bro. William become appreciably more complicated, who for her entertainment taps his wonderfully melodious bell at three fifty-five on every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Just why so many are willing to sacrifice their time to entertain this unwelcome intruder we will not attempt to explain. The student has—we admit—various difficulties to cope with. He is confronted by far different circumstances and obstacles than people in other paths of life.

The laborer, for instance, has a great advantage over the student in this that when the day draws to a close he can see how big the ditch is he has dug, how well and how many bricks he has laid, how much land he has plowed, or whatever his work may be. The student, unless he examines his mind frequently fails to see with what degree of perfection and efficiency he has completed his day's task. He often drifts on in this fashion, being careful not to be too serious, and when at length he is put to a test he, greatly to his surprise, finds himself deficient. Now is the time to turn over a new leaf and resolve to remedy those poor grades. The next few months will be as strenuous and full of hard work as any of the year. It is far easier to maintain a good record than to make a good record out of a poor one, yet the latter is impossible to no one. So, make the home stretch a wonderful success. It is true the dread conditions cannot follow the finals, but to cap the year's work with a creditable mark is a potent asset to the enjoyment of a vacation.

Take home the best representative picture of St. Joseph's.
See me for art albums.

H. Schafer.

THAT MARCH-BREEZE.

(From the German of Rudolph Baumbach.)

Cool blew the March-breeze, as warm there I sat.
Greeting me noisy the wind grabbed my hat.

Over the garden-fence hopping 'twas seen:
There it was caught by the neighbor's Irene.

When she had blown from the rim all the sand,
Tucked she a violet under the band.

Sure I would thank her if only she'd stay.
Threw it to me; but had nothing to say.

So I must daily keep watch at the fence — — —
Wait for the wind; but the wind seems to tense.

Sometimes I peep at Irene from our shed.
Why won't she once turn her gold-plaited head!

Wind, thou art lax! Let myself the hat fling,
Chasing it toward her. So done is the thing!

On Wood-chopping. (Continued from p. 2.)

I am at a good job; I have interest in it and it has interest for me. Hence I will cut as high a pile of wood as I like. Thus it forces one to muse (especially if you strike soft, straight wood)— and as a result you work with that cheer and speed which never fail to take others by surprise and envy.

Wood-cutting, I believe, is the best job to warm up with on the raw mornings of late autumn. The steady, well-intervalled swings send the warm blood to the uncomfortable extremities. Then it is that you are in your glory — all in smiles despite the discomforting breath of autumn. And if it is one of those mornings very frequent in autumn, even the odor of the new-split wood comes up to you. A strange feeling of delight steals over you, delight with yourself, the weather and your work. All the world seems grander, nearer than before. You measure time only by your wood-pile and were it not for a sharpened appetite you would never have guessed it was breakfast-time already!

Another thing: wood-chopping demands your undivided attention. If you want to stay on the safe side of your axe, you had better not be listless. In the axe lurks danger if swung without attention or direction; but use it carefully, and there is nothing more faithful and friendly in its service than just that sharp-edged piece of iron fitted onto a dutiful curved handle.

There came a time when some chose the saw in place of the axe; but the remaining majority told louder than by words what they felt when they clung to that friend and comforter among implements — the edged iron with the dutiful handle. Not even today are all deceived by the moaning machinery that saves labor. There are yet men who never forget that labor is their portion, and that wherever they may go, whatever they may do, nowhere does work totally disappear. And as for me, let me return to the days of the axe and the log; to the hours when ma was cooking supper the while I stacked tomorrow's comfort in crude rows of fire-wood.

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St. Joe's Varsity.

On Wednesday, April 2d, the A. A. Board selected the 1919 Baseball Varsity. Never before in the annals of St. Joe have we had such a prosperous outlook for a victorious season. The Board is to be complimented on their wise and competent choice.

Practice will make the chosen varsity an excellent aggregation. We feel confident that St. Joe will win the laurel whilst at home and also visiting.

The chosen representatives are:

Ferdinand Vonder Haar, C.
F. Fehrenbacher, P.
Joseph Lachmeier, 1st. B.
Francis Maloney, 2d. B.
Joseph Kallal, 3d. B.
Ferdinand Wellman, L. F.
E. Jordan, C. F.
Edmund Scheidler, R. F.
Joseph Hession, Sub.
Jacob Harber, Sub.

We are pleased to state that Joseph Kallal was elected Captain of the team. Joe displayed intense interest in the team last year. As Captain, judging his extensive capabilities, we know he will aid the team in becoming victorious on the diamond.

Anthony Schaefer deserves great credit for the interesting schedule he has made for us.

Let us support our team with all our vim. It is certain that they shall repay us for our efforts. Never before have we had such an opportunity as we will have this season. Manager Schaefer wishes to submit the following as the schedule so far arranged:

SCHEDULE.

Logansport K of C	Here	April 13.
Valparaiso Univ.	Abroad	April 26.
State Normal	Abroad	May 3.
Hammond	Here	May 4.
St. Philip	Abroad	May 10.
Chicago	Here	May 11.
St. Viators	Abroad	May 14.
St. Philip	Here	May 17.
Hammond	Abroad	May 25.
State Normal	Here	May 31.

Two games are being scheduled with the Lafayette Foresters and Valparaiso Univ. and St. Viators will return the game at some open date.

Reps 10 — Knockouts 8.

On Sunday, April 6th, the Varsity played the "Knockouts." The game was not a good one but it furnished a little amusement for the baseball fans. It is evident that both teams need practice. We would like to see a much better game the next time.

The A. A. Board has selected Wm. Murphy as Mgr. of Tennis. We are with you Bill. Tournaments with Rensselaer are lively.

The following are the respective managers of the various courts:

Court A — Wm. Murphy.
Court B — Paul Cox.
Court C — Austin Cabel.

The following letter was received from a prominent business man in Rensselaer:

Rensselaer, Ind.
April 4, 1919.

College Cheer Staff,
Collegeville,
Ind.

Dear Sirs:

We wish to inform the students that we like to satisfy them at our counters.

Rensselaer is situated just on the other side of the Iroquois river.

We would be delighted to have you all drop in.

Sincerely,
X..... X.....

THE ORCHESTRA.

Among the various factors that tend to break the monotony of student life, the programs of the C. L. S. and the Newman Club are probably the most potent. These, however, would lose a great deal of their charm, were it not for the orchestra. The work of the orchestra puts the finishing touches upon the efforts of the actors, imparts zest and life to the whole.

The general opinion seems to be that this year's orchestra is doing more to popularize classical music than any other heretofore. The pieces selected are doubtless of the first class. A greater variety has never before been heard in Collegeville. Modern composers are well represented, although the old masters also receive their due. The music is not heavy, but matches perfectly with the average student's temperament. Action is the demand, and our order receives due attention. The musical selections of our last program confirm this statement; the most popular pieces of the evening were Brahms' "Hungarian Dances", and the inimitable "Light Cavalry" overture.

Not only the selections, but the manner in which these are rendered, delight us. The orchestra is as steady an assembly as it has been St. Joseph's good fortune to see in many a day. Hesitation is never apparent. Smoothly the music flows on, the players seemingly one organism with but one beautiful voice.

The success of the orchestra may be ascribed to two great factors: first, the patience and care of the director; second, the painstaking work of its members. The director, Professor Tonner, has shown himself to be most able both in making his selections for programs, and in making the orchestra a smooth working machine. He knows the likes and dislikes of his men, and also their limitations; consequently, the music to date, has pleased both orchestra and audience. His easy manner, and sympathetic attitude are the causes of the orchestra members' loyal adherence to him.

However, without the men the greatest director could not form an orchestra, therefore due credit must be given the players. One cannot honestly say that every one of them is a star, but that does not detract from their glory. What they have achieved, is due to consistent practice, and hearty co-operation with their director. Not in many years has an orchestra sacrificed as much free time as this one. Day after day, we see the notice on the bulletin-board: "Orchestra 12:45." That notice speaks volumes. It denotes a love of art and adherence to principle worthy of the best of men.

These few words, perhaps, are not necessary to direct your attention to the orchestra; perhaps you have already recognized its merit. This article can, at best, only suggest that you be more attentive to its worth. The orchestra needs no outside recommendation, for its efforts are the greatest testimony of its worth.

ODIOUS TO THE FIFTH.

T'was sung in verse, by one who knows no rhyme,
That we, the Sixth, here in our own fair clime
Cannot in virtue of ourselves the light endure
Nor stand in view, our laurels all secure.
The Fifth are bright where ignorance is bliss,
They know not education's holy kiss,
While we, the wise, endured their thoughts sublime;
We knew their minds bloomed freely at the time,
Bloomed, yea! — as much as man can say
Of any broken thought hid by the way.

"Mine eyes sweep over all this mottled throng
In vengeance am I gently borne along."
Far back sit the Seniors, wise, sedate,
And here, oh Muses, thou didst art create.
Far past the Fifth their intellect excells.
Each misty cloud their mighty look dispels.
Haloes of light extend unto the stars
Like incense wafted to the mighty Mars.
So bright are they, Minerva seeks their grace
Fearful lest they usurp her place.

The early bird gets the worm;
But why get up so early?
Just wait, my boy, and take your turn
And save yourself this worry.
But suppose it were true
What good is a worm
Even to me or to you?

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O tempting spot
That wearied not
You added unto my boyish plays.
Your bosom soft rejoiced us boys,
Who in thy cool and quiet treat
In nooked wall and lofty seat,
Lay hidden from all unwelcome noise.
You oft allured to daring height
Which giddy stared
But ne'er I dared
Unless on thy yielding swell I'd light.
I've whispered you, joys and troubled fears — — —
I've hoped with you, and dreamt and planned.
Yet secret all you've kept unbanned
In spite of your hundred eyes and ears!
One gray-bearded man once more shall think
Of scented air
Where joys thronged fair — — —
Where sorrows did fast and certain sink.
Shall see the tomb of griefs and fears,
To play again with other boys.
Shall bless the monument of joys
That glisten afresh in laughing tears.

Things Not Seen in Collegeville.

Vetter losing his goat.
A quasdam fifth washing his feet.
Captain Hession of the Varsity.
Boller with a can of tobacco.
Mugsy with his mouth shut.
Gentlemen writing on walls.
Miller taking exercise.
Social conversation sadly lacking on table three.
We wonder why.

Some students are born "lucky", others have
to study.

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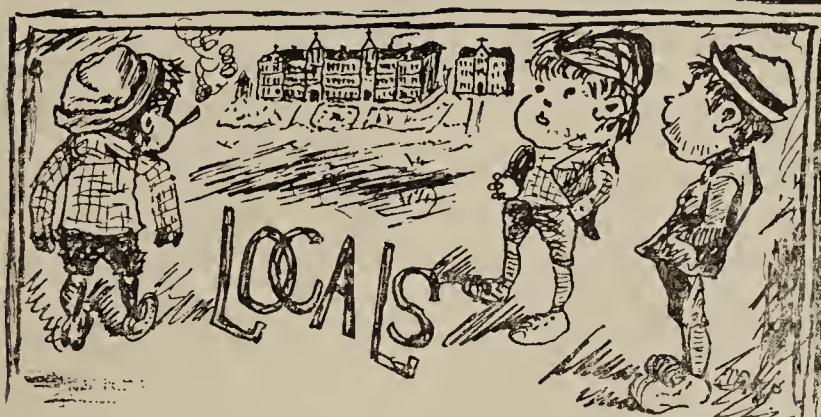
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Our Hero.

Our hero stepped off the Monon in the Dearborn Station, and with the swagger that denotes the Ohioan started for the street. Seeing a pocket-book that some one must have dropped he of course picked it up and to his surprise found that it contained \$125. Boarding a street car, his first you must understand, he took a seat in the approved Ohioan style. He was astounded by the extraordinary intelligence displayed by the Conductor. He knew every passenger by name for when he called Adams didn't a man leave the car, the same at Monroe and again at Madison? As they were carried farther the Conductor became more familiar, called James, Francis, Charles in rapid succession and finally called Paul. Now as our hero's name was Paul Henry, he obediently left the car. As he walked along, a lady approached him and said: "Is this Paul". Bewildered by her evident acquaintance with him, he weakly answered in the affirmative. "Well I am looking for 125", said she. Our hero handed over the purse stupified by the speed and efficiency of the Chicago Lost and Found System.

To the Sun.

Like a great desire
Upon fulfillment verging
Breaketh forth thy fire.
And from thy clouds emerging
Nigher, ever nigher, thy rays,
Like hopes are surging.

Disadvantages of the Union.

Once upon a time, as the story goes, an Irishman by the name of Pat came to this country in search of a job, or rather a position, we should say. He came to a shop which was strictly union in its principles. He received a job as boiler cleaner. On coming to work the following morning he was accosted by the boss. "Union overalls, Pat?" Pat looked down and answered in the negative. "Get

'em", was the curt command. Thus wise was everything, overalls, shoes, caps, etc. One morning Pat was absent for about two hours. The boss was wild. Returning, Pat saw him bearing down upon him, but he took it coolly. "Where have you been?" was the boss' angry query. "Faith," says Pat, "Ye said Oi must bae a union man, so Oi went down to the union depot to get a drink."

In the Same Boat.

Wolf and Heyker were discussing how strict had been their early religious training and how they had departed from it in the past few years. Said Wolf to Heyker: "I don't believe you even remember the Lord's Prayer, do you?" "Oh yes, I do", said Heyker, "I'm not such a backslider as that". Then said Wolf: "I'll bet a dollar you cannot say the Lord's Prayer straight through." Heyker promptly declared that he would win that dollar and, after a moment's thoughtful hesitation, repeated slowly:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"By Jove," said Wolf, "here is your dollar; I didn't believe you could do it."

For Sale.

Two last year monograms (J) for we are ashamed to wear them since we failed to make the team. GUESS?

Things heard in Collegeville.

Students kicking about being underestimated.

How to become a good ball player, by Coleman.

Students demanding an honorary position with the varsity.

When the English class calls for themes
At once he ponders, frets, and steams,
The thought haunts all his restless dreams
Until faint inspiration gleams.

In Exams.

Prof. Were you copying Schnitz's notes.

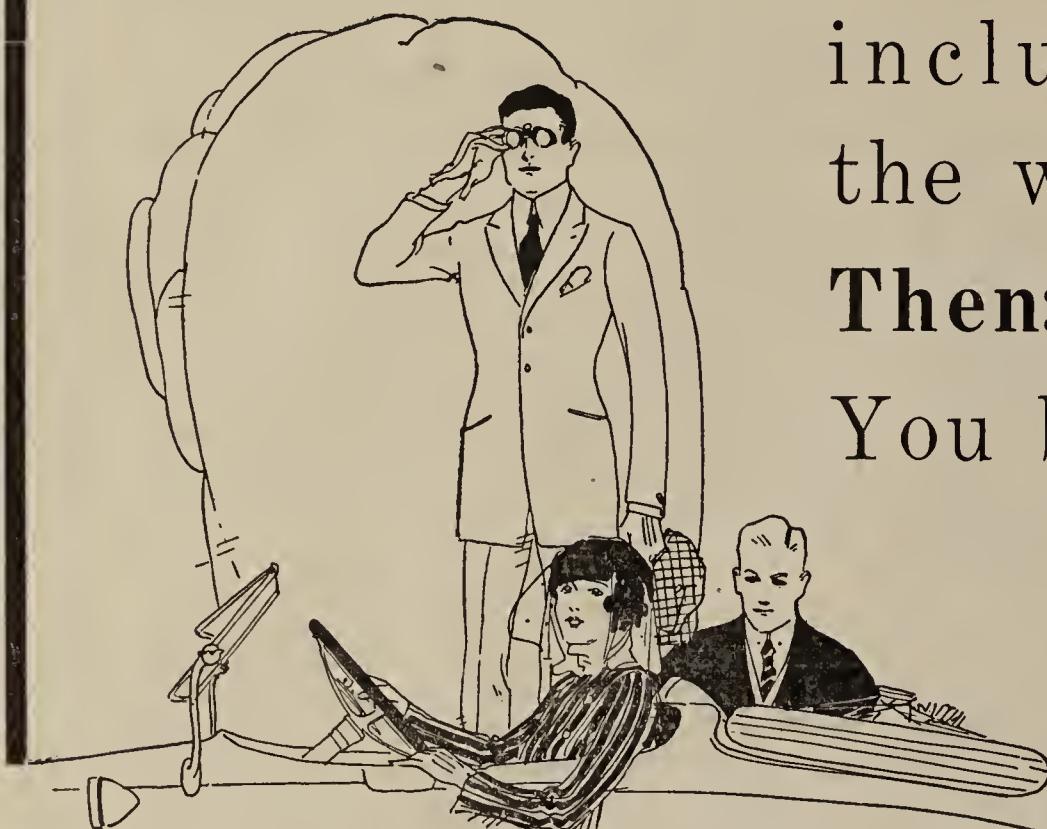
Cox: "Oh, no! I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

Meiers: I bet I can make a worse face than you can.

Dowling: You ought to. Look at the face you've got to start with.

STYLE HEADQUARTERS
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Look at all the Store Windows,
including ours, in
the whole town —
Then:
You be the judge!



S. R. Willard.

JUST JIM JAM.

Jim Cue Ball Whitey Jim Jam
When first you were a star
Your locks were like the snaw Jim
Your face it had no mar.

But now your brow is beld, Jim,
Your bones are growing cold,
You're just a plain old has been
Who shone in days of old.

O many a canty ball, Jim,
Has struck upon your dome.
And wrecked itself alas, Jim,
Where there is no one home.

But you are still the same Jim,
Your dome is still as hard;
Blessings on your granite brim
Jim Cue Ball Whitey Jim.

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